

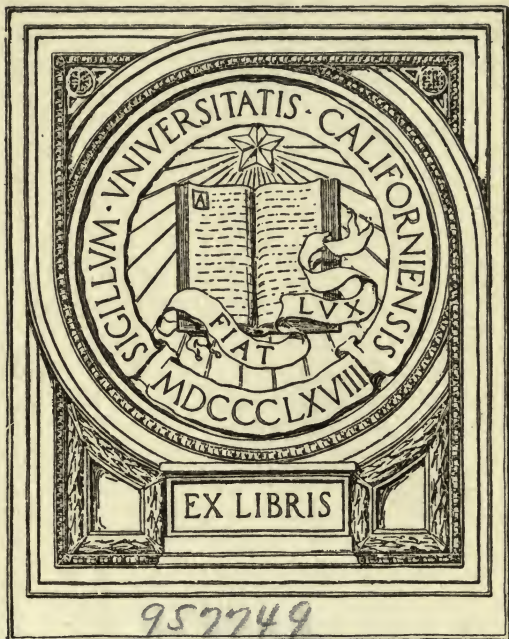


THE  
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# The Wisdom of the East Series

EDITED BY

L. CRANMER-BYNG

Dr. S. A. KAPADIA

## THE RUBÁ'İYÁT OF HÁFIZ

FIRST EDITION . . . . *October, 1910*  
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WISDOM OF THE EAST

# THE RUBÁ'İYÁT OF HÁFIZ

TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION  
BY SYED ABDUL MAJID, LL.D.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE  
BY L. CRANMER-BYNG

"By cup is meant the wine of eternity,  
And by this wine we mean self-annihilation."  
SÁKI-NÁMÁ OF HÁFIZ.



NEW YORK  
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

1915

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## EDITORIAL NOTE

THE object of the Editors of this series is a very definite one. They desire above all things that, in their humble way, these books shall be the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action. In this endeavour, and in their own sphere, they are but followers of the highest example in the land. They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nation of another creed and colour.

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# THE RUBÁ'YÁT OF HÁFIZ

## INTRODUCTION

### LIFE OF HÁFIZ

KHWÁJÁ SHAMSUDDIN MOHAMMAD, better known by his *takhallûs* (*nom-de-plume*) Háfiz, the most national and the most popular of the Persian poets, was born in Shiráz in the early part of the fourteenth century. The exact date of his birth has been a fruitful source of discussion among his biographers and is still a matter of doubt. Little is known of his family beyond this, that it was good. Like many men of genius, both in Europe and Asia, he did not claim a wealthy parentage. He was educated in the common school of poverty, and went through the same discipline as other men of genius. In his youth he became a disciple of Sheikh Mohammad Attár, a learned sufiistic teacher in Shiráz. Unlike other mystics of the time, Attár did not give himself completely up to a life of asceticism. He

had truly grasped the philosophy of life by neglecting neither the body nor the mind. The physical world and the world of intellect were of equal importance to him. His disciple, the youthful Háfiz, was not slow to learn this useful lesson, which enabled him to steer through many difficulties. Wise and wholesome as the teaching was, it did not fail to bring the wrath of other Súfis down upon them. Some of these Súfis clothed themselves in blue garments in imitation of the colour of the sky, while, like the sky, they claimed to possess within themselves heavenly desires. Like Omar, Háfiz found it difficult to keep silent on what appeared to him only a cloak of hypocrisy. Referring to them in one of his poems, he says : " I am the servant of all who scatter dregs of the cup and are clothed in one colour [*i.e.* in sincerity], but not of those whose bodies are clad in blue while black is the colour of their hearts."

Háfiz never submitted to any strict monastic rule, and when he assumed the dervish habit he took care to temper his orthodoxy with the free doctrines learnt from his teacher.

About four miles from Shiráz there is a place called Pir-e-Sabz, *i.e.* Green Pir, situated on a hill called Bábab Kohi. It was said that if any one passed forty nights in that place without sleep he would achieve the gift of composing poems. Háfiz determined to go through the discipline.

He used to pass nights there, while at daytime he used to take rest. About the same time he fell violently in love with a damsel named Shákh-e-Nabát (Branch of Candy), who paid little heed to the suit of Háfiz; but on the fortieth day she called him in and said that she preferred a man of genius to a prince. Like the enchantress in the Isle of Bliss, she would have kept him from completing the course; but Háfiz remembered his vow and returned to Pir-e-Sabz. At the dawn of the day he fell into a trance, wherein he saw Khwájá Khizar, the most learned of the Prophets, revealing himself to him. He blessed him with the gift of eloquence and poetry. On recovering his consciousness he greeted his beloved with enchanting eloquence and verses. Thus, it is said, Háfiz became a poet.

The great poetical gifts of Háfiz were revealed by an accident, which so often accounts for the origin of wonderful things in this world. His uncle, named Sádi, who used to dabble in poetry, had found his power to compose beyond the first verse of a poem unavailing, and had given it up in despair. While he was away Háfiz not only completed the verse, but afterwards completed the whole poem. As uncles proverbially do, he grew jealous of the young poet and cursed him and his works. It is still believed that the curse hangs over his *Diwán*, and that he who makes a special study of that beautiful collection



of poems is bound to become afflicted in reason. It is true enough ; for the poems are so fine that one cannot help having his senses charmed away while studying them.

There are various periods in the life of Háfiz showing how he passed his days under the patronage of various people. His first patron was Shah Ishák, Governor of Shiráz ; but he was taken prisoner by Mobarezuddin Mohammad Mozaffar and executed outside the Persepolis. This happened in 1357. Mozaffar suffered for his wicked deed at the hands of his own son, Shah Shuja, who caused his eyes to be put out. He extended his patronage to Háfiz ; but, being only a minor poet, was very jealous of his greater rival. He lost no opportunity of criticising Háfiz and his poems. On one occasion, defeated in the trial of wits, he said to Háfiz, "In one and the same you write of wine, of Súfism, and of the objects of your affections. Now this is contrary to the practice of the eloquent."

Háfiz, in reply, is reported to have said, "That which your majesty has deigned to speak is the essence of the truth ; yet the poems of Háfiz enjoy a wide celebrity, whereas those of some other writers have not passed beyond the gates of Shiráz." Beyond such occasional difference in literary matters, Shah Shujá treated the poet well—a fact which Háfiz fully appreciated. "Since the time," said Háfiz, "that the wine-

cup received honour from Shah Shujá, Fortune has put the goblet of joy into the hands of all wine-drinkers."

Again, in praise of the Shah, he said, "May the ball of the heavens be for ever in the crook of thy polo-stick, and the whole world be a playing-ground unto thee. The fame of thy goodness has attained to the four quarters of the earth; may it be for all time a guardian unto thee!"

In order to draw the ire of the theologians of Shiráz, the Shah accused Háfiz of having written lines which occur in *Ghazal*, No. 528 (last two lines), expressing that the faith of Háfiz was unorthodox. Fortunately for the poet, he came to know of it before they sat in judgment over his lines and his fate. He at once added a line putting it into the mouth of a Christian, there being no harm in a Christian calling in question the faith of Háfiz. The decision was a foregone conclusion. Háfiz was acquitted and the Shah censured for his groundless accusation.

Kawámuddin (d. 1363), the vizier, was his patron too. He founded a college for Háfiz in Shiraz. Háfiz there gave lectures on the Quorán and read out his own verses. Riza Kuli says that he wrote a valuable commentary on the Quorán. His fame as a teacher spread far and wide and drew hosts of seekers after knowledge from all parts of the world to Shiráz.

Háfiz seems to have entertained a very high



appreciation of the liberality of the vizier. It is apparent from *Kitá* (No. 581), where he asks the chamberlain to remind him of the allowance due to the poet, or from *Kitá* (No. 605), where he mourns his loss and practically says that liberality has come to an end after him. Again, in *Ghazal* (No. 412) he speaks of him in the highest terms of praise. He reserves to himself the gift of sweet song and eloquence and extends to the vizier the gift of generosity, spreading, like the light, over all the world.

Háfiz was induced to pay a visit to Shah Yehya of Yezd; but was unfortunately treated with coldness. In *Ghazal* (No. 477) he says: "Shah Hormuz did me many acts of kindness without seeing me and without myself praising him, while the Shah of Yezd saw me—and I sang his praises—and gave me nothing. O Háfiz! Do not be put out, as such are the ways of kings." It was such treatment which made him home-sick and made him exclaim: "Why should I not return to mine own home? Why should I not lay my dust in the street of mine own beloved? My bosom cannot endure the sorrows of exile; let me return to mine own city, let me be master of my heart's desire."

Sultan Owais of Bagdad (d. 1374) seems at first to have extended kindness to the poet, but to have cooled down afterwards. The lines of *Ghazal* (No. 204) bear this out, and Háfiz re-

proachfully says that the fault does not lie at his door.

Quite in contrast with the behaviour of Sultan Owais stands that of Sultan Ahmed-i-Ilkhani (d. 1410) of Bagdad. He made liberal offers to the poet, only to be refused. Hâfiz, however, speaks very highly of him in *Ghazal* (No. 497), and calls him the "Khân, son of Khân," "Emperor of imperial descent," "the soul of the world," "as liberal as a Khakan and as energetic as Changiz."

The fame of Hâfiz spread even to the heart of the distant kingdoms of Bengal and the Deccan. About the year 1369 he was invited by Ghyásuddin Purbi, King of Bengal. No inducement was strong enough for Hafiz to make him leave Shiráz, with its charming surroundings and enchanting society. He wrote an apology for not being able to attend the court of Bengal in *Ghazal* (No. 158), and was handsomely rewarded.

Having heard of the esteem in which he was regarded at the court of Sultan Mohammad Shah Bahmani, King of the Deccan,<sup>1</sup> Hâfiz desired to pay a visit to it; but was unable to defray the expenses of travelling. This reached the ears of Mir Fazlullah Anjoo, the vizier of the Sultan, who at once sent him the necessary amount. Having paid part of it to his creditors and his relations, he proceeded as far as Lahûr. Highway robbery was very frequent in those days, and so

<sup>1</sup> Farishta, the historian, narrates this.

the poet deemed it more prudent to lend the remainder to a friend. Thus becoming once more penniless, he returned to Hurmuz with two Persian merchants. There he embarked on the ship sent by the Sultan to convey him to India; but a storm arose. The sight of a boundless sea frightened him out of his wits. His heart sank, and the next moment found him on the shore singing the praises of God and of the beauties of Shiráz. To the kind vizier he wrote the following lines, which I take from the admirable translation of Colonel Clarke :

To pass life a single moment in grief, a world altogether  
is not worth.

For wine, sell our rugged religious garment; for more  
than this it is not worth.

At first, in hope of profit, easy appeared the toil of the  
sea ;

A mistake I made ; for a hundred jewels this great deluge  
(ocean) is not worth

The pomp of the imperial crown—whose grandeur is fear  
of life ;

Is vainly a heart-alluring crown ; but the abandoning of  
one's life is not worth.

Time passes on until we come to the year 1392, when Timur (1336–1405), fresh from his victories in Fars and against Shah Mansûr of Irak, ordered Háfiz to be brought before him. In *Ghazal* (No. 8), the poet says that if his beloved would captivate his heart, he would give away Samarcand and

Bokhárá for her black mole. Having heard this, Timur, who did not appreciate this liberality with the place of his birth, called for an answer from the poet. Háfiz was frightened, but his wit saved him. He said :

“O Sultan of the world ! Had it not been for this way of giving away, I would not have fallen to this ! ”

Timur felt flattered, and rewarded the poet.

Turning to the home-life of Háfiz, we find him married and father of a son. He was passionately attached to his wife, and worshipped his son. He survived them both and lamented their loss in several exquisite poems.

One can get an idea of the attachment Háfiz bore to his wife from the poem written when, in a moment of displeasure, she left for her father's place, or the one written to bewail her death. The reader will be able to judge from the following extracts how fine the originals are :

O holy beloved ! Who will unveil thee ?

And O Bird of Paradise ! Who will give corn and water to thee ?

Sleep has departed from my eye, in this liver-consuming thought,

That who has embraced thee, in what place and dwelling hast slept thou ?

Suddenly thou departed from the embrace of me, heart-scorched.

Alas ! what place has received the luxury of thy sleep ?

Thou didst not hear the plaint and the wail that I made.



It is evident, O idol ! that thy place is high (*i.e.* too high for my voice to reach thee).

Thou dost not ask the beggar (*i.e.* me), and I am afraid that The thought of forgiveness and the desire of merit (in consequence) are not in thee.

O palace, heart-kindling ! The resting-place for affection that thou art !

O God ! the calamity of time may not ruin it !

Beware ! in this desert the fountain-head is far away, So that the ghoul of the desert may not deceive thee with mirage (or false images).

The arrow which thou shot with thy glance, missed.

What now will thy good judgment think ?

O heart ! on what principle wilt thou travel on the path of old age

(If) all at once the time of thy youth is spent in a wrong way ?

That intoxicated eye struck the path to the heart of lovers ;

It is manifest from this way that thy wine is intoxicated.

Háfiz is not the kind of slave who will fly from his master.

Be kind, and come back, for I am consumed with thy wrath.

This was written to his wife. Her heart was touched ; she thought better of her decision and returned, to his great delight.

The few lines of the other poem find him bewailing the loss of the one whose temporary absence made his heart ache.

That beloved on account of whom my house the abode of Pari (fairy) was,

From head to foot like a Pari, free from defect was.

My heart said, I will sojourn in this city which is perfumed by her scent.

(I), helpless, did not know that my beloved bent upon travelling was.

Not only from the mystery of my heart the curtain fell,  
When the habit of the sky (time) to tear (the) curtain was.  
Acceptable to the wise that moon of mine, to whom  
With the beauty of manner the habit of uplifting with a  
mere glance was.

From my grasp the malignant star put her out,  
Alas! what can I do? This the calamity of the moon's  
revolution was.

O heart! Find an excuse, as you are a beggar and to her,  
In the kingdom of beauty, the head crowned was.  
Pleasant was the bank of water and the rose and the  
verdure, but

Alas! that moving treasure (beloved) a traveller was.  
The nightingale (lover) will kill itself out of anger when  
to the rose (beloved)

With the morning breeze at the dawn splendour was.  
Happy was that time which was spent with the beloved,  
The rest all fruitless, lacking knowledge was.  
Every treasure of bliss that God gave to Háfiz  
On account of the night-prayer and the morning suppli-  
cation was.

He mourns the loss of his son in several places,  
out of which I give the translation of *Kitá* (No.  
606), and one line from *Ghazal* (No. 117).

It is the season of spring, and the rose and the tulip and  
the narcissus,  
Come out of the earth, why in earth *art thou*?  
Like the spring cloud I pass on. I weep bitter tears  
Over thy dust to such an extent (in hopes) that thou wilt  
come out of the earth.

*Kitá*, 606.

The ease of the eye of mine, that fruit of my heart, ever  
 be his memory !  
 That went himself an easy journey and made my journey  
 (through life) hard.

*Ghazal*, 117.

Háfiz died towards the end of the fourteenth century. The exact date of his demise cannot be ascertained. According to the slab on his tomb it happened in 1388 ; but according to other evidences it is put down to have happened in 1389, 1391, or 1394.

He rests in the garden of Mosalla, about two miles north-east of Shiráz on the bank of the river Ruknábád, of which he sang praises in *Ghazal* (No. 8). Like the historic mulberry-tree in Christ College, Cambridge, planted by Milton, or the tree planted by Bacon in Gray's Inn, there was a famous cypress-tree planted by Háfiz which "cast its shadow o'er the dust of his desire."

In 1452 Sultan Abul Kásim Báber took Shiráz. His vizier, Moulama Mohammad Muammái, a great admirer of Háfiz, erected a monument to adorn the site, called Háfiziáná, and to shelter the grave of Háfiz. About the year 1811 Vakil Kásim Khan Zand placed over the tomb a slab of alabaster. On the face of the slab is inscribed :

O Thou  
 Who endurest,  
 although  
 all things pass away !



Below are inscribed the lines of *Ghazal* (No. 439). It may not be out of place to give their renderings.

Where is the tidings of union with Thee, that with my  
soul I may rise ?

Bird of righteousness am I, and from the snare of the  
world I rise

In love for Thee who calleth me, Thy slave,

From the mastery of existence and dwelling I rise.

O God ! out of the cloud of guidance send a shower

Before (the time) when like dust from amidst (things) I rise.

On my grave without wine and minstrel do not sit,

So that with Thy perfume from the grave, dancing, I rise.

Although I am old, hold me close to Thy bosom for a night,

So that in the morning from Thy embrace young I rise.

Get up and show your stature, O idol ! with graceful  
movement,

So that, like Háfiz, from the desire of life and the world I  
rise.

### HÁFIZ AS A POET

There are two aspects in which we must regard Háfiz—as a poet and as a philosopher. In the former capacity he was undoubtedly of the first rank. FitzGerald, speaking of him, says : “Háfiz is the most Persian of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and wine be real or mystical. Their (other Persian poets’) religion and philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me cuckooed over like a borrowed thing which

people once having got, do not know how to parade enough. To be sure, their roses and nightingales are repeated often enough. But Háfiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true metal."

Again, Dawlat Shah says: "Háfiz, the king of the learned ones and the cream of the wise ones, was the wonder of the time. His speech is such that it cometh not into the creating power of man. Verily, it hath the desire for the Hidden, and the taste of the order of *fakr*, and they call him Lisan-ul-ghaib (Tongue of the Hidden)."

Sudi, the Bosnian, who wrote a great commentary on Háfiz's works towards the seventeenth century, was simply carried away by the enchanting beauty of Háfiz's verses. He exclaimed that they were divine, and "derived their innate grace from having been bathed in the water of life, and that in beauty they equalled the dark-eyed Houris of Paradise."

He is original throughout and acknowledges no authority but nature. "He scorns to use any art but art to conceal art." If there are any defects, they are his own; if there are beauties, he himself is the painter. So rare a genius few countries have ever produced.

Rich in fancy, powerful in imagination are his verses. They are original and full of grandeur, glowing and without restraint, gay and grave. They speak of the divine emotion of love and of

the pleasure derived from celestial or terrestrial wine. He draws beautiful pictures of his unrequited love, and describes in glowing terms the beauties of flowers and the sweet melodies of singing birds during the spring. Beauty in every form does not escape his masterly touch. He deals with the world's vanities, instability of life, the evanescence of joys, and sings the praises of the Creator and those of the prophet Mohammad. Charity uncircumscribed by any limit, and a spirit of toleration permeate his writings. Liberty of conscience receives full recognition, while frequent sarcastic remarks upon the so-called religious men are met with.

His style is flawless—concise but expressive, dazzlingly bright and finished. Not a single word is superfluous; every word has its own place, the loss of which is the loss of a beauty. It is unaffected and clear. There is no straining of the natural mirth, or loss of harmony in his sonorous cadences.

The powerful eloquence, the music of his songs, the delicate rhythms, the beat of the refrain, and the captivating imagery, always enthrall the readers of his poems. The spirit of youth and love and joy, together with a nobler humanity which cries out across the ages, characterise them. When he says, "My beloved is gone, and I had not even bidden him farewell!" the words are as touching now as they were

several centuries ago. Equally simple and pathetic is his mourning for his son. "He himself went an easy way, but made mine hard." And for his wife: "Then said my heart, I will sojourn myself in this city which is perfumed by her scent; her feet were bent upon a longer journey, but I, helpless, knew it not." A more passionate image of love you would not find even in the sweet songs of the Swan of the Avon than: "Open my grave when I am dead, and thou shalt see a cloud of smoke rising from out of it; then shalt thou know that the fire still burns in my dead heart—yea, it has set my very winding-sheet alight." Or: "If the scent of her hair were to blow across my dust when I have been dead a hundred years, my mouldering bones would rise and come dancing out of the tomb." Speaking of love he says: "I have estimated the influence of Reason upon Love, and found that it is like that of a raindrop upon the ocean, which makes one little mark upon the water's face and disappears." These are immortal utterances, "which time cannot dim or rust," and truly interpret the language of the heart.

The *Diván*, or the collection of poems by Háfiz, deserves a mention. Sudi, the great Turkish editor of Háfiz, says that during his lifetime Háfiz was too busy teaching and composing philosophical treatises to collect together his



poems; that he used to recite them in the college founded especially for him by Kawá-muddin, expressing a wish that these pearls might be strung together for the adornment of his age. It was left for his pupil, Syed Kasim-al-Anwar, to collect them together. This makes up the famous *Diwán* of Háfiz.

The language of the *Diwán*, as understood by the outward form, gave rise to the difficulty whether it was orthodox enough to be read by the public. The matter was referred to the Súfi Abu Suoud, who decided in favour of the *Diwán*. But for his decision the beautiful collection would have remained confined to oblivion, much to the loss of Persian literature. Practically giving it ecclesiastical *imprimatur* he said "that every one was at liberty to use his own judgment in the manner of the meaning to be assigned to the poems of Háfiz."

From one end of the world to the other the *Diwán* is well known, and its poems are repeated and sung by all those who take any interest in Persian literature. There are some admirable translations of Háfiz.

There are also various commentaries on Háfiz, but unfortunately there is none except that of Sudi which exactly expresses his true meaning. Each has its own peculiar charms, but all suffer from the same attempt on the part of scholars as characterised the philosophers of the Middle

Ages, who endeavoured to read something into religion which, instead of simplifying it, made it more elaborate and difficult to understand.

Yet another feature of the *Diwán* deserves mention. Like the *Aeneid*, the *Diwán* is consulted as a guide to future actions.

In the memoirs of Sher Khan Lodi it is related that the enemies of Háfiz had gone so far as to accuse him of heresy, and so there was a question as to whether he should receive the Moslem rites of burial. After some debate they consulted his poems in haphazard manner, and found the following verse, which settled all their doubts respecting his faith. "Do not keep back your steps from saying funeral prayers (for the soul) of Háfiz ; for, although he is immersed in sin, he is going to heaven." It is also said that several men of action were in the habit of having recourse to these Sortes Háfiziáná on questions that they could not solve. Aurungzeb, the great Mogul Emperor, was one. Indeed Nádir Shah never undertook an expedition without consulting it. While meditating an expedition against Taurus, says Mirza Mehdi Khan, he opened the *Diwán* at the following verses :

Irak and Fars thou hast conquered with thy sweet verses  
O Hafiz ;  
Come ! (now) is the turn of Bagdad and (the appointed  
hour) of Tabriz,

How appropriate they were the succeeding events showed !

### HÁFIZ AS A PHILOSOPHER

As a philosopher Háfiz was an Intuitionist. Naturally enough, religion had two aspects for him—intellectual and moral, each leading to the higher and truer conception of the Supreme Being. The intellectual part of religion by the pursuance of design in the universe and by having recourse to the various ontological and teleological arguments, apprehends the Supreme Being as the Supreme Intellect. The moral part of it is not so easy to grasp, and therefore has given rise to much useless speculation. The Supreme Being here is represented as the Supreme Conscience, whom men can hold communion with through their own conscience. As there are hierarchies in the moral world, the constant communion with the Supreme Conscience may lead to the attainment of the highest hierarchy. This is, in short, one part of the doctrine of Súfism, so much misunderstood in the West.

No doubt it has given rise to certain language intelligible only in the light of the Cartesian doctrine of Dualism propounded by the great Súfi Alghazali long before Descartes—that is to say, the existence of mind and matter with the pineal gland—with the addition of Malebranche's



doctrine of Occasionalism for Descartes' pineal gland.<sup>1</sup>

There is yet another side to Súfism. A Súfi draws no distinction between himself and other selves. The true good, for him, is the realisation of self which pre-supposes the consideration of others. He says : "God manifests Himself in us. We are, in our very essential nature, the eternal consciousness, reproduced under the limitation of time and organism, but retaining the essential character of being out of time as regards our knowledge—as regards that in virtue of which we are. The world, as a whole, only potentially is. The potential contents of our consciousness—knowledge—eternally exist as ideas which we are labouring to attain unto." And as potential contents are more and more attained to, we realise that others are inseparable from us. Thus the distinction between the pleasure of self and the pleasure of not-self disappears. This brings us face to face with the ethical doctrines of Sidgwick and Green, and even offers a medium of reconciliation between the materialistic conception of the Cambridge philosopher and the spiritualistic view of the Oxford thinker.

There has been a controversy over Háfiz's being a Súfi. Those who take his verses in their literal sense come to a very unfavourable conclusion about the poet ; but there is another

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix to Introduction, p. 59.

side to the shield. Before entering into the question whether Háfiz was a Súfi it will be better to mention in brief what Súfism is.

The word 'Súfi' has been variously derived :

From				which means
<i>Súf</i>	..	..	..	wool.
<i>Súfi</i>	..	..	..	woollen.
<i>Safá</i>	..	..	..	purity.
<i>Safá</i>	..	..	..	a statue near Mecca.

It is difficult to decide among the various derivations. Professor Browne<sup>1</sup> seems to think that "it is quite certain" that it is derived from the word *súf*, "wool," which is confirmed by the equivalent *pashmina-push*, "wool-wearers," applied to these mystics in Persia, and regards the derivation given by Jámí in his *Baháristán*, from Arabic *safá*, "purity," as fanciful. The Súfis themselves regard it as derived from *safá*, and ninety-nine out of every hundred spiritual guides in the East adopt this derivation.

There are four theories as to the origin of Súfism. The first is that it represents the "esoteric Islam." Jalaluddin Rûmí favours this idea and calls Ali the first Súfi. So do almost all the Súfis one comes into contact with in the East.

The second theory<sup>2</sup> is that it represents a

<sup>1</sup> *A Literary History of Persia*, p. 417.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Browne's *A Literary History of Persia*, p. 419.

reaction of the Aryan mind against Islam, a Semitic religion. But Professor Browne has conclusively shown that neither the Indian nor the Persian theory of reaction is tenable.

The third theory is that it was due to the Neo-Platonist influence. The chief argument in support of this theory<sup>1</sup> is that three great Súfis, Maroof-ul-Karkhi, Abu Sulayman al-Dárání, and Dhu'l-Nun al-Misri, flourished during the period of seventy-five years commencing in the year 786 and ending in 861 A.D. During this period, it is asserted, many works were translated from the Greek which must have influenced them as well as others. But the term "Súfi" was already in use a considerable time before the year 786, and Súfism had attained to a recognised place. Hence the theory of Neo-Platonist influence cannot be maintained.

The fourth theory, of independent origin, seems reasonable in the light of all facts regarding Súfism. It has been supported by eminent authorities.

It will be better to quote from Ibn Khaldun, the great historian, who proves beyond doubt that Súfism was of indigenous growth to Islam. Speaking of Súfism in his *Muqaddima* (vol. iii., p. 467), he says :

"This is one of the religious sciences which

<sup>1</sup> Mr. A. R. Nicholson's *Literary History of the Arabs*, p. 388.

were born in Islam. The way of the Súfis was regarded by the ancient Moslems and their illustrious men—the Companions of the Prophet (*Al-Sahaba*), the followers (*Al-Tabiin*), and the generation which came after them—as the way of truth and salvation. To be painstaking in piety, to give up everything for the sake of God, to avoid worldly shows and vanities, to renounce pleasure, wealth, and power, which are the general objects of human ambition, to abandon society and to lead in seclusion a life solely dedicated to the service of God—these were the fundamental principles of Súfism which prevailed among the Companions and the Moslems who existed immediately after Mohammad. When, however, in the second generation and afterwards worldly tastes became widely spread, and men no longer shrank from contamination, those who made piety their aim were singled out by the title of *Súfi* or *Motasawwáf*."

To attain to the sufistic ends certain practices have been prescribed. They consist of four stages, and until the last stage is passed the "emancipated soul" cannot mix with the "glorious essence," nor can it cast off the "corporeal veil." They are :

1. *Shariyat*—which consists in strict observance of the teachings of Islam.

2. *Tarikat*. This means the following of



a spiritual guide who teaches the "hidden practices."

3. *Márefat*.—This stage is reached when the real nature of the teachings of Mohammad is grasped, leading to the effacement in Mohammad. And,

4. *Hakikat*.—This is the last stage, and consists in recognition of the divine essence and merging thereunto.

There are various orders of Súfis. There were two original orders, viz. (1) *Haloolia*, i.e. the inspired, believing as they did that God had entered into them, and (2) *Ittahádiá*, i.e. the unionists, who took God to have joined with every enlightened being. They said that God is the flame and the soul the charcoal. The soul, by union with God, becomes God. From these two are derived the following orders of Súfis :

- (a) The *Wasáliá*, i.e. the joined to God.
- (b) The *Osh-Shákiá*, i.e. the lovers of God.
- (c) The *Talkiniá*, i.e. the instructed.
- (d) The *Zákiá*, i.e. the penetrated.
- (e) The *Wáhediá*, i.e. the solitary.

Without further detaining the reader over the details of Súfism, however interesting the subject may be, we should mention the evidence that Háfiz was a Súfi. In the first place, Jámí, the great Súfi and poet, says concerning Háfiz that "from his verses, he should judge him to be a Súfi of eminence." He calls Háfiz "*Lisán ul-*

*ghaib* " i.e. The Tongue of the Hidden, and *Tarjûmán ûl-Israr*, i.e. Interpreter of Mysteries.

In the next place, Dawlat Shah speaks of Háfiz as a great Súfi and considers his verse as possessing endless meanings in truth and divine knowledge. Compared with his station among the Súfis, his rank as a poet is much lower. He was unequalled in his knowledge of the Quorán, and remained unexcelled in the knowledge of the "outward and the inward." His religion inspired him with pious thoughts, which bore fruit in his love for the dervishes and Arifs.

Thirdly, there is the testimony of Charles Stewart, who says :

"Háfiz was eminent for his purity ; passed much of his time in solitude, devoting himself to the service of God, and to reflecting on His divine nature. By his countrymen he is classed among the inspired and holy men ; and his works—held as inferior only to the Quorán—are frequently consulted by divines."

Lastly, the bulk of the *Diwán* admits of a far higher interpretation than any that could belong to our mortal existence. It might have been attributed to pure accident if a few of his poems had borne that interpretation ; but the question of accident is beyond consideration when the bulk of the *Diwán* can be so explained. It is commonplace if taken literally ; sublime if truly interpreted. This shows a design and a

certain state of mind. It can only be the mind of a Súfi from which can emanate such strains.

For this purpose "tavern," etc., must mean "place of worship"; "wine," signifying love of God; "beloved," "God," or "Creator"; and the old man of the Magians and of the tavern, as the "spiritual guide."

What doubt can there be, when Háfiz himself says?—

The meaning of this cup is the wine of eternity;  
 The meaning of this wine, we understand, is selflessness.  
*Saki-nama.*

From my boyhood I had a liking for Háfiz, and always entertained a desire to associate my name with his. I had long contemplated bringing out a complete translation of the works of Háfiz; but they would have been too bulky. I have, therefore, adopted the suggestion of my friends to bring out the works in several volumes. The *Rubá'iyát* is the first volume. I would consider my labours amply rewarded if this little volume appeals to the generous British Public, and supplies it with something which would far remove it to a world so unlike its own but in feeling and thought.

A *Rubá'i* (pl. *Rubá'iyát*) consists of four

## THE RUBÁ'İYÁT IN ENGLISH VERSE 33

verses, the last verse being the most important, complete in itself. Each Rubá'i stands by itself and explains the philosophy of life in its own way.

There are altogether seventy Rubá'iyát of Háfiz ; but some of them are supposed to be of doubtful origin and therefore have been left out.

The task of versifying from my translation of the *Rubá'iyát* has been undertaken by Mr. L. Cranmer-Bying. He has endeavoured, as far as possible, to keep to the sense in each Rubá'i. Below I give the literal translation, as well as the verse-rendering, of several Rubá'iyát in order that the reader may see for himself how Mr. Cranmer-Bying has accomplished his difficult task.

Literal translation of Rubá'i 620 :

When the rosebud flagon-emptier becomes (*i.e.* bears the  
semblance of flagon upside down),  
Narcissus for love of wine goblet-holder becomes.  
Happy is the heart of that person who, like a bubble,  
In the desire of wine a wanderer (who carries his house,  
*i.e.* all he possesses, on his shoulders) becomes.

This corresponds to No. 1 of the *Rubá'iyát*, which runs as follows :

When rosebuds into chalices unroll  
For love of wine Narcissus bears the bowl.



Ah ! happy he who learns the crimson lore,  
And, wine's own Súfi, liberates his soul.

Although the last two lines do not quite express the outward meaning of the last two lines of the Rubá'i, the inner meaning is the same. The lines mean that the one who bids farewell to his hearth and home, *i.e.* becomes a Súfi, is happy ; and this idea is in effect expressed by the last lines of the versification.

Again, take the Rubá'i No. 646 literally, which, translated, runs :

Thine eye, of which the sorcery of Babil is the teacher,  
O God ! that sorcery may not pass out of its (eye's)  
memory !  
And that ear which put an earring into the ears of beauty  
(itself) (*i.e.* enslaved it),  
Its earring may be from the pearl of Hafiz's poetry !

It corresponds to Rubá'i No. 15 :

Those eyes, that Babil's sorcery hath taught,  
Must all their sweet enchantment come to nought ?  
And that small ear—Nay ! from the fadeless pearls  
Of Háfiz's song her pendant shall be wrought.

It is evident that the qualifying adjective of the ear as putting "an earring into the ear of beauty itself," that is to say, beautiful, has been expressed by the word "small," the English idea of a beautiful ear being its "smallness."

## THE RUBÁ'İYÁT IN ENGLISH VERSE 35

Or take again, literally, Rubá'i No. 633 :

No story of the light (beauty) of Chegil can be told !  
No tale of the burning heart (lover) can be told !  
Then is sorrow in my little heart, and the reason is that  
there is not  
A friend to whom the sorrows of the heart can be told.

In the versification it stands as No. 28 :

Who can recall the rosebud of Chegil ?  
The story of the burning heart reveal ?  
My heart is desolate, since friends are none  
To whom my tale of sorrows can appeal.

Or take again, the Rubá'i 638 :

Thine eye, from which sorcery and deceit rain,  
Beware ! From it the sword of battle rains.  
Very soon thou becamest tired of thy companions,  
Alas ! From thine heart—stone rains from it.  
*Lit. Trans.*

This corresponds to No. 29 of the versification :

Your eyes, where lies and magic play their part,  
From whose false dusk the swords of battle start,  
How soon they weary of my constant sight !  
Stones that were tears now strike me from your heart.

Or take the beautiful Rubá'i 634 :

The beauties of the world can be taken captive with go  
Their fruit can be happily tasted with gold.

Look at Narcissus, which is crown-possessor of the world ;  
 How it too droops its head to gold (narcissus has a golden  
 cup over its flower). *Lit. Trans.*

This is versified in No. 32 :

For gold the beauties of the world are wed ;  
 Their charms upon the merchants' mat they spread.  
 Even that sultan of the worlds of spring,  
 The proud Narcissus, droops a golden head.

Or take, once more, the Rubá'i 617 :

Manliness from the plucker of the door of Khaibar ask,  
 And the secret of generosity from Khawja Kambar (Ali's  
 slave) ask.  
 If thirsty of the grace of God in reality, you Háfiz are,  
 The fountain-head of that (grace) from the cup-bearer of  
 Kausar (Ali) ask. *Lit. Trans.*

It is versified in No. 53 :

Ask strength of him who plucked at Khaibar's door ;  
 The gift of giving from his slave implore.  
 O Háfiz, if for grace of God thou yearn,  
 Ask of the fount for wine of Kowsar's store.

Or take, lastly, the Rubá'i 623 :

Sit with the friend and the cup of wine, ask  
 A kiss from the lips of that cypress rose-bodied, ask  
 If the wounded wishes to be cured of the wound,  
 Tell him from the lancet of a surgeon, ask.

*Lit. Trans.*

## A WORD OR TWO AS TO THE METRE 37

This corresponds to the versification, No. 57 :

Come, sit with love, and, while the wine-cup flows,  
Enfold the cypress-form, the heart of rose !  
O wounded lover, seeking to be whole,  
Ask Hájjám's lancet of the cure it knows.

### A WORD OR TWO AS TO THE METRE

In Persian there is only one prescribed metre for all *Rubá'iyáts* originally taken from the Arabic. A great deal of difficulty was experienced in fixing upon the metre for the versification. FitzGerald has adopted the only metre which is suitable for quatrains. In this he was by no means original. Hammer and Bicknell had tried the metre consisting of ten syllables in each line before. As Connington has well said, there is a degree of metrical conformity between the measure of the original and that of the translation, and though there is no perfect coincidence in this respect, it at least suggests it. Alexandrines would have been still better, and they have been used by Bodenstedt and other German translators of Omar's *Rubá'iyát* ; but, as Mr. E. H. Winfield has pointed out, the English language does not lend itself to this harmony. This adoption would have made the lines rather heavy in English. Therefore they have been forsaken for their rival,



In conclusion, I desire to thank my friend, Dr. S. A. Kapadia, joint editor of the "Wisdom of the East" Series, for several valuable hints and suggestions, and various writers on Háfiz whose works I have consulted.

ABDUL MAJID.

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## RUBÁ'İYÁT OF HÁFIZ

### 1

When rosebuds into chalices unroll  
For love of wine Narcissus bears the bowl.  
Ah ! happy he who learns the crimson lore,  
And, wine's own Súfi, liberates his soul.

### 2

Of that old wine some vanished Sultan grew  
Give me, that I may paint life's scenes anew.  
Oh make me heedless of the heedless world  
That I may sing the world's desire to you.

### 3

Come, love and wine beside the river's brink ;  
In every cup some shallow care we'll sink.  
Life's span is but the rose's, ten dear days ;  
Then chain the ten with laughter's golden link.

## 4

O lovers, you whose happy hands enlace,  
For whom Time's wheel, forgotten, flies apace,  
When my time cometh hail the endless round,  
That other Aprils may recall my face.

## 5

Come thou, and bring me wine, the source of joy;  
Heed not the wiles that meaner foes employ.  
Smooth is the speech of him who bids thee stay,  
And sweet are words that sweeter lips decoy.

## 6

If, like us, you should fall into love's snare,  
Wine, wine alone can free you from despair.  
We are the world-consuming revellers;  
Sit not with us, lest none should speak you fair.

## 7

Youth is the tap that draws the wine most sweet.  
Unhappy lover, drink and drown defeat!  
Creation rocks to ruin in the end,  
And ruined lords their ruined halls complete,

## 8

Take not your lips from the tankard's brimming  
lip,  
Lest fame and fortune in a moment slip.  
In the world-cup are sweet and bitter blent ;  
One from love's mouth, one from the tankard sip.

## 9

A woman's smile, a lute to rouse the morn,  
A nook, a heart unbound, a flagon drawn,  
And when the red wine dances through my veins  
From Hátim <sup>1</sup> I'll not beg a barley-corn.

## 10

My moon, in whose grave beauty day grows dim,  
A fairer disk than Kowsar's <sup>2</sup> rounded rim,  
Hath cast all hearts into her dimple's well,  
And, sealed with amber, bade them sink or swim.

## 11

As, one by one, the garments from her glide  
Behold a moon that hath no peer beside.  
O flesh so frail that her red heart imbues !  
Like a red ruby stains the lucent tide.



## 12

Around her waist my hand unchided stole :  
 This much I gained, yet still desired the whole.  
 My arm had circled round the citadel,  
 And, still unmastered, she defied control.

## 13

I said " Ah ! pretty mole of my delight ! "  
 She answered, " O thou fond and foolish wight !  
 No mole the mirror of my charm retains,  
 'Tis thy dark glance upon my beauty bright."

## 14.

Quoth I, " Your lip ? " " The fount of life ! "  
     she cried.  
 Quoth I, " Your mouth ? " " 'Tis sugar, coral-  
     dyed ; "  
 Quoth I, " Your speech ? " " Ah, sweetly Háfiz  
     sang ;  
 For each soft word some golden tongue is tied."

## 15

Those eyes that Babil's ' sorceries hath taught,  
 Must all their bright enchantments come to  
     nought ?  
 And that small ear—Nay ! from the fadeless  
     pearls  
 Of Háfiz' song her pendant shall be wrought.

## 16

O you, to whom the sun and moon have bowed  
Upon your threshold's dust their foreheads proud,  
Bid me not burn in expectation's fire !  
Nor seat me in the shadow of the cloud !

## 17

Think not to scorn the fierceness of a sigh.  
From that which kindles flame may flames draw  
nigh.  
Oh be not heedless of the tears of night,  
Or the dawn's grey sighs that 'neath your case-  
ment die.

## 18

My heart makes room for grief—for grief of you.  
By this dear grief my wounds shall heal anew.  
The more you heap your vengeance on my heart,  
The more tormented, she shall prove more true.

## 19

To-night I'll sleep in blood for all my pain ;  
Without the bed of rest I shall remain.  
Sweet, an you doubt me, send your wraith o'  
dreams  
To watch the night upon my torment wane.

## 20

She told me, "I am yours to have and hold.  
Take heart ! let care by patience be controlled."  
Ah, what is heart ? Some greybeard doth reply :  
"The clot of blood a thousand cares enfold."

## 21

She gave me first the loving-cup to bind ;  
The cup of cruelty she then assigned  
And when, with soul and body burned, I fell  
Dust at her feet—she gave me to the wind.

## 22

I was a beggar, of her love bereft ;  
Salt rankles in the wound that parting left.  
My heavy heart one day foretold the end ;  
Then fell the sword, and our one life was cleft.

## 23

Sweet, you have moulded me to please the foe ;  
I was like spring that now like autumn grow.  
Once in your quiver still and straight I lay  
Till passion came and bent me like a bow,

## 24

Return ! my soul your wandering beauty seeks.  
Return ! my heart her desolation speaks.  
Oh, golden sunshine of your face reveal,  
And burn the blinding tear-drops from my cheeks !

## 25

In crowds I see no image save thine own,  
My ways are centred in thy street alone ;  
And though thou reignest, and the world hath  
    sleep,  
No kiss of slumber my tired lids have known.

## 26

Alone I weep more tears than candles shed—  
Tears like the twinkling flagon's rosy red ;  
And, like the wine-cup, since the heart is full,  
When the sad harp bewails my tears are bled.

## 27

Ah, love, for kisses long withheld I die ;  
Your absent lips have slain me with a sigh.  
A ruthless pen writes " Finis " to my tale.  
Return ! for, while I wait, again I die.



## 28

Who can recall the rosebud of Chegil ?  
The story of the burning heart reveal ?  
My heart is desolate, since friends are none  
To whom my tale of sorrows can appeal.

## 29

Your eyes, where lies and magic play their part,  
From whose false dusk the swords of battle start,  
How soon they weary of my constant sight !  
Stones that were tears now strike me from your  
heart.

## 30

Each friend who spoke of constancy became  
A foe, each lovely face a soiling flame.  
They say, " The night is great with hidden things."  
Since none beheld her, who hath shared her  
shame ?

## 31

O time of broken vows that none would mend !  
The bitter foe was once a faithful friend.  
So to the skirts of solitude I cling,  
Lest friendship lure me to an evil end.

## 32

For gold the beauties of the world are wed ;  
Their charms upon the merchants' mat they  
spread.

Even that sultan of the worlds of spring,  
The proud Narcissus, droops a golden head.

## 33

How shall this golden tyranny abide ?  
This breaking of a people's heart and pride ?  
There is a bloodstained sword in broken hearts :  
Whom the red steel doth follow woe betide !

## 34

When tyrants rule can gold redeem the earth ?  
When sorrow haunts the home can joy have  
birth ?  
Not all the promised aeons of delight  
These seven dull days of mortal care are worth.

## 35

O son, withdraw your heart from faithless Time.<sup>5</sup>  
Let Faith, her husband, be your friend sublime.  
Be heartless, ere like me you vainly seek  
To hold her mocking beauty with a rhyme.

## 36

Oh would that Fortune met me by the way,  
That changing Time would grant me slow delay,  
And when the reins fell from the hands of youth  
That Age might prove the stirrup for my stay.

## 37

In vain pursuits the random years have flown ;  
What gain is mine from summers overthrown ?  
The friends of yore are numbered with my foes ;  
The lilies fall, the roses all are blown.

## 38

Each day some greater grief my heart hath borne ;  
Mine eyes are pierced by separation's thorn ;  
And Destiny to all my plaint replies,  
"Another load awaits another morn."

## 39

Yet what avails to foam with grief like wine ?  
We may not cope with sorrows line on line.  
Those young fresh lips divorce not from the cup :  
Lips that are young make every draught divine.

## 40

Seek not to compass vengeance for thy wrong,  
But draw the sparkling wine with mirth and song.  
Take wit and wisdom to thy tent alone ;  
Fools to the company of fools belong.

## 41

Better the whole world in a mortar bray,  
Dip in the heart's blood as it ebbs away,  
Or drag a hundred years of chains and gloom,  
Than for one moment with a fool delay.

## 42

Cease, cease to sorrow for a world of sin ;  
Forsake the world and all thou hast therein.  
Go ! follow Love where wine-cups fire the gloom,  
Where the red vintage swells the tawny skin.

## 43

A girl whose figure shamed the cypress tall  
Let her bright beauty on a mirror fall.  
I laid a kerchief at her feet. She smiled,  
"What happy thought of union holds you thrall ?"



## 44

Methinks I hear joy beating with his wings ;  
The perfume of passionate roses round me clings.  
The wind has caught a story from her mouth,  
Oh rare and wondrous is the tale he brings !

## 45

Return ! return ! thou many-voicèd gale !  
Warm with my burning, her young heart assail ;  
Lest she be angered, sing to her alone ;  
Yet in the midst of maidens tell my tale.

## 46

Whence did the tangles of your hair arise ?  
And the dreams that haunt the shadows of your  
    eyes ?  
Since none have shaken petals on your path  
Oh whence the attar that around you lies ?

## 47

The jasmine blooms in the shadow of your hair !  
Lips beyond price, since Aden's pearls lie there,  
Like you, the soul is ever wine-inspired ;  
The wine's bright soul shines through a form as  
    fair.

## 48

Roselit, my tears like her twin roses show.  
My heart's red blood through aching eyes doth  
    flow  
She asked me, seeking for a fair reply :  
“ Why do thine eyes like lakes in twilight glow ? ”

## 49

O great of soul ! How gladly would I give  
All that I am to thee by whom I live !  
If thou wouldst know the bitterness of hell,  
Pour friendship's water through an empty sieve.

## 50

Sweet lips soon break the promise they proclaim :  
God's lovers never keep them from the flame :  
If the beloved yield to your desire,  
Yielding, she writes the record of your fame.

## 51

I clung to the beloved's locks with tears ;  
I said, “ Be thou physician of my fears ? ”  
She answered : “ Take me ! let my tresses go !  
Cling light to pleasure, not to length of years !

## 52

“ ’Twere folly to thyself to be more kind,  
Or from Creation call thyself to mind.  
Learn wisdom from the pupil of the eye  
That looks on all men yet to self is blind.

## 53

“ Ask strength of him who plucked at Khaibar’s ‘  
door ;  
The gift of giving from his slave implore.  
O Háfiz, if for grace of God thou yearn,  
Ask of the fount for wine of Kowsar’s store ;

## 54

“ Then, long as stands the heavenly decree,  
The wind shall tell the youngest rose of thee :  
The cup that lights the hand of Taktamún ‘  
Drink, and thou shalt be love’s immortally.

## 55

“ Around Life’s keep the rodent waters roar ;  
The measure of our years is brimming o’er.  
Soon, soon, O friend, the janitor of Time  
Shall cast Life’s chattels through the broken door.

## 56

“ We hope for all things from the sky's caress,  
Yet tremble as the leaf when days grow less.  
You said no colour beyond black abides ;  
Then why the snows upon the raven tress ?

## 57

Come, sit with love, and, while the wine-cup flows  
Enfold the cypress-form, the heart of rose !  
O wounded lover, seeking to be whole,  
Ask Hajjám's ' lancet of the cure it knows.”

## 58

That night we wrought love's miracle again :  
For one brief gloom one soul was born of twain.  
Now death shall weary at the springs of youth  
By singing waters that he sealed in vain.

• • • • •

## 59

The Sultan's friend, known by the least to fame,  
Giver of golden words that all acclaim,  
Who goes from Shiráz unto Samarcand  
That Hadji Háfiz thrills not with his name ?



## 60

O thou great Almoner of human need,  
Who solvest all, dispensing blame and meed,  
Why should I bare my secret heart to thee,  
Since all my hidden secrets thou canst read?

## 61

The rosebud hides herself for shame of Thee !  
Nor drowns Narcissus dare to look on Thee :  
How can the rose her sovereignty proclaim ?  
Her light is of the moon, the moon's from Thee.

## 62

Blame not my tears for the secret they confessed ;  
Deal gently with a heart that cannot rest !  
O Súfi ! since thou knowest his desire,  
Scorn not the wanderer for the lifelong quest !

## 63

One that should dwell in squalor for a space  
Of former pride will not retain a trace ;  
But some poor stranger in a foreign land  
Sighs and remembers still his native place,

## 64

The way to Thee lies over grief and pain :  
The soul gropes on, the darkness doth remain.  
We only look upon the perfect face  
When the lamp failing, shows the quest is vain.

## 65

Till the desire of love be gratified,  
Till the body's kingdom without king abide,  
My hope is ever of the Court of God,  
That all the gates of joy be open wide



## EXPLANATORY NOTES (RUBÁ'İYÁT)

<sup>1</sup> *Hálím* was the most generous man of his time. His name is proverbial for generosity in the East and has been so used by many poets.

<sup>2</sup> *Kowsar* is a spring in Paradise. Its water is as white as milk and as sweet as honey. It is mentioned in the Quorán.

<sup>3</sup> At the time of David the angels, getting jealous of favours shown to mankind by God, complained of the wickedness of man.

To the angels God said :

"In mankind, passion and lust are the cause of sin. If these possessed you—as they do—you would also do."

The angel replied :

"This would never be."

God selected two angels of the highest order named Hárût and Márût, and gave them the same feelings as characterised man. They were let down at Babylon. The greatest name of God (Isme-Ázam) was taught to them, by mention of which they could go up whenever they pleased.

There was a beautiful woman, named Zohrá, who sought after the Isme-Azam, the greatest name of God, and in order to know it she used to pay a visit to every saint who made his appearance in Babylon. Having heard of these angels as saints, she paid a visit to them. As ill luck will have it, they fell in love with her, went to her house, drank wine, worshipped her idol, slew her husband, and, worst of all, taught her Isme-Azam, the greatest name of God. Zohrá



## 58 EXPLANATORY NOTES (RUBÁ'İYÁT)

repeated the greatest name of God and at once ascended to heaven, and she is now regarded as Venus. The angels were condemned, confined in a well, chained upside down, and now they pass their time in teaching sorcery. It is for this reason that the well of Bábil is noted for its sorcery.

<sup>4</sup> *Chegil*. (1) A district in Tartary famous for the beauty of its inhabitants; or, (2) a fire temple wherein the attendants held "lamps of *Chegil*."

<sup>5</sup> Unlike English poets Háfiz personifies Time as feminine and Faith as masculine.

<sup>6</sup> *Khaibar* was a stronghold of the Jews near Medina. In 630 Mohammad took the place, the gates being removed by Ali, the fourth Caliph, and used as shields.

<sup>7</sup> *Taktamún* was the cup-bearer of Sháh Shujá.

<sup>8</sup> *Hajjám* means a surgeon.

## APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION

The human brain has everything duplicate excepting the pineal gland. This led Descartes to think that the interchange of energies between mind and matter, two heterogeneous entities, was possible through it.

Malebranche did away with the idea of pineal gland and in its place added that God, on every occasion when an interchange of energies between these two entities was required, intervened. This is called the doctrine of Occasionalism. When the Súfi says that nothing is possible without God this is the underlying philosophical principle. Al-Ghazali had expressed the preceding views long before they were thought out in Europe.

Unlike Locke, who reduces everything to matter, Berkeley reduces everything to ideas. There are schools of Súfis who adopt the views which coincide with the doctrines of Locke and of Berkeley. They are called Ahl-ul-Mojassaim and Ahl-ul Moshabbhia respectively.

The theory of Monads of Leibnitz is that

everything is like a mirror and reflects the rest of the world in the degree of its development. The Súfis adopt this notion when they claim the knowledge of the whole world at one glance, and the knowledge of the individual Súfi is of the same stage as he has attained to in the scale of Súfism.

Kant says that it is only perceptions which are supplied by the various organs of the senses ; but the form which is the outcome of the combination of all these various perceptions is supplied by the mind. The Súfi adopts this view when he says that everything is pure self ; that is to say, every form which one perceives is caused by the mind and therefore from self.





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